

The Comical Historie of

Amb. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the Clarke that is to make me cuckold?

Ner. I but the Clarke that never meanes to do it,
Unless he live untill he be a man.

Bass. (Sweet Doctor) you shall be my bedfellow,
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

An. (Sweet Lady) you have given me life and living;
For here I reade for certaine that my ships
Are safely come to Rode.

Por. How now *Lorenzo*?
My Clarke hath some good comforts to for you.

Ner. I, and Ile give them him without a fee.
There do I give to you and *Iessica*,
From the rich Jew, a speciall deed of gift
After his death, of all he dies possesst of.

Loren. Faire Ladies, you drop Manna in the way
Of starved people.

Por. It is almost morning,
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in,
And charge us there upon intergatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Grat. Let it be so, the first intergatory
That my *Nerrissa* shall be sworne on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two houres to day:
But were the day come, I should wish it darke
Till I were couching with the Doctors Clarke.
Well, while I live, Ile feare no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe *Nerrissa's* Ring.

Exeunt.

FINIS.